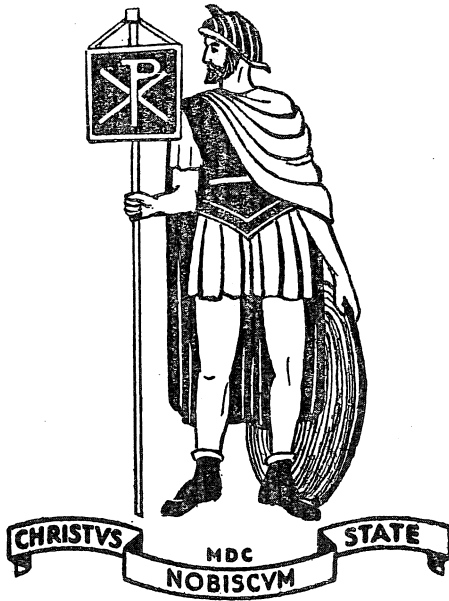


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

April, 1952

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 101

APRIL, 1952.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster, Wendy Lovell, Kathleen Highman,
Feast i, Davies ii.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

On receiving from our printers their new quotation for 1952 we were horrified to learn that the new costs were to be over 75 per cent. more than those of last year. Even at the old prices, we incurred a small loss on our 1951 magazines, and we realised that as the position is critical we had to take immediate action if the RECORD was to be kept in existence. Only as a last resort do we wish to raise the price of the magazine, and for this issue the price remains at one shilling. Next term, however, we may be compelled to raise the price, unless our expenses are substantially reduced.

For the present issue we have cut the number of pages to twenty-four, we have with regret and apologies to the Dramatic Society sacrificed our proposed frontispiece, and we have suspended all complimentary copies, including those to other schools (we cannot afford the postage or the envelopes). We are on this occasion continuing to send Old Scholars their magazines by hand in envelopes, but it may be found necessary later to do without these, as each envelope now costs approximately one penny.

We regret that in future we must ask postal subscribers to pay more for their magazines, to cover the cost of postage, etc., and the new rate will be four shillings for three issues. We shall, of course, honour all those postal subscriptions which we already hold, but upon their expiry all further subscriptions will be at the new rate.

We earnestly appeal to all subscribers to rally round and to support us in our efforts to keep the RECORD going in a most worrying period. It is only through their continued support that we can hope to weather the storm.

SCHOOL REGISTER**VALETE**

Clarke, K. B. (VA), 1947-51.

Peace, A. T. (VA), 1947-51.

Davies, J. D. W. (VB), 1946-51.

Sharpe, D. J. (VB), 1947-51.

Tipping, P. A. (VB), 1947-51.

Weaver, J. E. D. (VB), 1941-51.

Shelton, D. C. (IVB), 1948-51.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD*President: G. P. Baylis.**Hon. Secretaries: J. Mahoney and M. Welch. Hon. Treasurer: M. Feast.***Christmas Reunion**

The Christmas Reunion was held at the School on Saturday, 15th. December, by kind permission of the Headmaster. An excellent supper, prepared by Mrs. Rutter and her staff, was served at 7.45 p.m.

At the Business Meeting following the meal, the Treasurer and Secretary made their reports, and elections were held for Officers and Committee. J. M. Stewart, who has been Secretary for the past three years, stated that he felt he must now ask to be relieved of the duties of Secretary, and with much regret his resignation was accepted. After discussion, it was decided that the Secretaryship should in future be a joint one, and J. Mahoney and M. Welch were duly elected as Joint Secretaries. The existing Committee members were re-elected, and several extra members for the larger districts were also elected. The new Committee members are:—

*Alcester: H. Canning and V. Atkins.**Studley: S. Robinson and G. Pinfold.**Bidford: D. Hancox and B. Slaughter.**Stratford-on-Avon: P. Fellows.**Astwood Bank and Redditch: F. Houghton.*

After the Meeting the Old Scholars and Staff met again in the Hall to dance to the music of the "Alauna" Band until midnight, when the proceedings ended with "Auld Lang Syne" and the Grand Good Night.

Spring Dance.

A dance will be held in the Alcester Town Hall on Easter Tuesday, and it is hoped that as many Old Scholars as possible will attend. Tickets can be obtained from all committee members or, of course, at the Town Hall on the evening of the dance, although it will greatly assist the committee if, wherever possible, tickets are obtained beforehand from committee members. The price of tickets has been kept down to the absolute minimum of five shillings in order to accommodate our more impecunious members, and we do hope that we shall get your whole-hearted support. The committee has decided that Old Scholars may now bring as many friends as they wish. Previously, of course, it was limited to one friend of each Old Scholar.

Old Scholars' Ties, Squares and Blazers

Efforts are being made to make available, once more, the Old Scholars' tie, together with the square and blazer. Arrangements have not, as yet, been finally completed, but it is hoped that all details will be able to be given in the next issue of the RECORD.

BIRTHS

- On August 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Groom (née Phyllis Horseman)—a son.
On November 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham (née Joyce Taylor)—a daughter.
On December 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lester—a daughter.
On December 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Price—a son.
On January 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Woods (née Joan Beachus)—a son.

MARRIAGES

- On February 10th, 1951, at Stratford-on-Avon, Leonard Creswick to Dorothy Horseman (scholar 1934-40).
On May 24th, at Flyford Flavell, Geoffrey Curnock to Betty Day (scholar 1937-39).
On July 7th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Arthur G. R. Ore (scholar 1937-42) to Jeanne Merriman.
On August 6th, at St. Helen's, Frederick W. Harper (scholar 1925-32) to Irene Ball.
On September 27th, at Warwick, Douglas Creek to Janet Mary Wickwar (scholar 1942-46).
On November 14th, at Kings Norton, Desmond Gooding Clarke to Betty Charlotte Francis (scholar 1936-43).
On January 4th, at Kensington, Peter Robert Styles to Eileen Mary Rose (scholar 1938-46).
On February 23rd, at Arrow, Ian Wilson Moles to Jane E. Morris (scholar 1941-46).
On February 23rd, at Coughton, John Baptist Phillipson to Mary Elizabeth Sumner (scholar 1941-44).
On February 26th at Feckenham, Brian John Richardson (scholar 1942-46) to Beryl Jean Wood.
On March 1st, at Studley, Robert William Lancaster to Brenda Margaret Hill (scholar 1936-43).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

P. D. Steveni is now a member of H.M. Customs and Excise. He has recently been Customs and Excise Officer at the sugar-beet factory in Ipswich.

E. J. Cassell has obtained his second-mate's certificate, and is now third mate on S.S. *Tribesman*, belonging to Thos. and James Harrison.

Diana Hunt, in a recent letter from India, describes how, while waiting on a landing-stage, she saw W. A. Partridge just disembarking.

Pat Fellows obtained her S.R.N. last October.

S. C. Scriven has been appointed Deputy Manager at Lloyd's Bank, Coleshill.

A. Hill is now serving in R.E.M.E.

Shortly before the death of the King, Chief Inspector A. E. Perkins, who has been detective officer in attendance on the Queen for the past ten years, was appointed to attendance on His Majesty.

Two Old Scholars living in the London area have written offering to help other Old Scholars living in or visiting that district to get in touch with one another. Any who wish to avail themselves of this friendly offer should contact either C. H. Baylis, 21, Denny Street, S.E.11 (Tel. Reliance 1347) or Mrs. Marjory Sherwood, 33, Brunswick Road, Sutton, Surrey (Tel. Vigilant 0672).

R. McCarthy, who is in the Royal Signals, has gone to Egypt.

G. A. Goddard has joined the Royal Navy. He is serving in the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Perseus*, and sailed to the U.S.A., where the carrier is demonstrating the latest aircraft-launching catapult.

Kathleen Hemming has for the past two years been teaching English in Sweden.

In the January number of the French monthly review "Toute la Radio" appears an article by J. Prestidge, entitled "Détection Sylvania améliorée."

BACKSTAGE MEMORIES

The canned music stopped suddenly. The curtains parted. There was no going back now! They were "on." Backstage we heaved a sigh of relief. Somehow Billy Blee had a wig; somehow Elias had achieved side whiskers and grey hair; somehow it was Joseph and not the producer who looked ninety! Somehow, in the rush and excitement, they were all ready.

From now on, it was really very trying, for while the actors and actresses were "doing their stuff," there had to be DEADLY HUSH in the dressing rooms, as the wooden walls were far from soundproof. Not even the smallest giggle or slightest scuffle of farm boots was allowed. Even the producer, pacing up and down unplaiting crepe hair—Billy's wig for the Friday!—was creeping on tiptoe, and we all listened intently to the voices on-stage. Any orders or directions had to be given by great wavings of hands; and screwings of faces, while the outside door with an impossible latch was a constant source of heart-failure. It seemed to us that the squeakiest of chairs had been provided for us to sit on, but, after the first ten minutes or so, everyone settled down. All that could be heard towards the end of the act was the faint click of ice-cream spoons as Miss Evans and Miss Morris served it out for the audience, and the only activity was caused by an actor or actress creeping in, with perspiration pouring from their face, and their grease-paint in glorious technicolour.

The end of Act I! The canned music started again, and backstage we were alive with a vengeance. The cast rushed about changing, came

and went after a second powdering, and gazed longingly at the trays of ice-cream passing to and fro under their very noses. The music stopped. Greg started to sing. They were "on" for Act II.

Act II went more smoothly—on stage. We "backstage boys" sat in a speedily freezing dressing room, still listening intently, but with teeth a-chatter, fervently wishing we knew more about the managing of coke stoves. This one was undoubtedly OUT, and the beauty of the crisp, frosty, star-lit night was no consolation to us as we sat and shivered. We longed for the interval when we could move about, but were unprepared for the necessity to re-glue Billy's wig—three-parts ruined by his hasty changing—and no ten minutes has ever seemed shorter than the second interval of "Devonshire Cream," for the costume and scene changes seemed never-ending.

At the beginning of Act III, however, we "backstage boys" had our great moment, for we were in the play! All available make-up artists, electricians and stage hands gathered together at the back of the set, and posing as happy villagers, full of Mr. Widecombe's port wine, we sang lustily, if not very tunelessly. After all, it was our big moment! Who knows whether one day one of us might not graduate to the front row of the chorus! We then scattered to our various jobs, and it seemed no time at all before the hero put his riding boot into the footlights, and we were realising with amusement, as Keyte played "God Save the King," that Billy Blee could not remove his hat because of the glue!

Then there was chaos. All the cast wanted their make-up removed—except Greg, who was last seen complete with his George Robey eyebrows waiting for father to take him home—and after this we had to clear up the dressing room, feeling hungry and cheated because the boys had snaffled all the refreshments. The first night was over.

By the time the last night came we were taking the whole thing as a matter of course. No-one would *ever* guess where Miss Young's bouquet was hidden. Everyone not back-stage missed Greg's grand "winding-up" act before he went on stage, and no-one can possibly imagine the quantity of ice-cream the cast ate on the last night. Everyone was sorry it was over. Everyone agreed that, hard work though it had been, it had also been tremendous fun, and one budding actor was even heard to say "I wish we could go on with it next week."

DRUSILLA MORTIMORE (VI).

AUDIENCE AGONIES

It so happened that I saw the School Play on the last evening, Saturday, December 8th, after much persuading by Mr. Bell and my school pals. I sat on the second row from the back, next to the centre gangway of the Youth Hut, where the play was held.

Finally all the seats were occupied, the curtains were pulled open, and the play had begun. I could not see the floor of the stage from where I was sitting, so naturally, I bent over to look along the gangway, thinking I would see better, but "stone the crows!" that was even worse.

Everyone was leaning over so that they could see round the head of the person in front of them! The result was that an oblong gangway had been reduced to a long-drawn "V," a shape made entirely of heads.

All through the first act I could only see heads—heads in the gangway and heads on the stage, but I must say I quite enjoyed it, especially the bit where Bob Blanchard swung about on the beam.

Anyway, the end of the first act came, and everyone began to talk. This was an opportunity for me to get in a position where I could see the stage better, and I found a place on a large cupboard (I think) at the back of the Hut. From there I watched the play with interest, and thoroughly enjoyed it, pitying the people craning their necks beneath my line of vision, and wishing we had a better hall in Alcester in which to present our plays.

J. PEACE (VA).

WELCOME HOME INDEED!

My mother was going away for a couple of nights, and I was to look after my father and myself. It would not entail much extra work, as I would be at school all day, and my father at his office, so I waved good-bye cheerfully when my mother started out on her journey.

I came home from school to a cold room, but soon had a cheerful fire burning, and a simple tea on the table for myself. I had tea, with "Mrs. Dale's Diary" to keep me company. When I had removed all traces of the meal, I settled down to do some homework. Imagine my horror when my father walked in an hour earlier than I had expected him! Of course, I was pleased to see him, but the table was covered with homework-books, and there was no supper ready. I hurriedly got the supper ready, but even this was not really appreciated, as my father had developed a bad cold, and was not in the best of spirits. After clearing supper away, and a few more delays, I found that there was not much time left in which to finish my homework. However, I got most of it finished, and after laying the table for breakfast I was able, thankfully, to bid my father good-night.

And so to bed, until seven o'clock the next morning, as I thought. But such was not to be the case. In the morning, I was awakened by what I took to be my father's alarm clock, ringing merrily and madly, on and on. Why ever didn't he turn it off? Surely he must have been woken up by it. Then I heard my father hurrying downstairs. The "alarm" was still ringing, and I realised that it was the telephone. I looked at my watch, and saw that it was only a quarter past six! Who could possibly be ringing up at this hour? Had something happened to my mother? My fears were allayed when my father, a very disgruntled father, told me that it had been a wrong number. Wrong numbers are annoying at the best of times, but at a quarter past six in the morning . . .

At seven o'clock the real alarm went, and so I got up and prepared breakfast. This went off successfully, except that the porridge was very thin, as I had forgotten the right quantities, and had put only half as many porridge oats as were required. Everything else went according to

plan, and so, after hurriedly clearing away the breakfast things, I rushed out to catch the school bus.

During the rest of my mother's short absence there were no more unscheduled happenings. Father came home when expected for supper on the second evening, and at breakfast next morning the porridge had re-attained its normal thickness.

It was, however, a very relieved daughter who joyfully welcomed home her mother during the evening of the third day. I had really tested the "joys" of house-keeping, and yet, strangely enough, when I compared them with the horrors of homework, I preferred the latter. I wonder if my mother, too, sometimes thinks how lucky I am to have only homework to worry about, instead of a house to manage!

JILL KEMPSTER (VI).

"SQUATTERS"

I have enjoyed looking after a variety of pets at different times, but the most amusing were four tame mice. One was white with pink eyes, two fawn, and one white and fawn. I had to keep them in a cage in the garage, well away from mother's sight and father's nose. I made a habit of feeding them every night (well, nearly every night) for I never have a minute to spare in the mornings.

One day I noticed that Pip and Squeak (two of my mice) were missing, and thinking that they were probably still in the vicinity of the garage, and would starve, I left them some corn and oats on the garage floor. The next night, my thoughts were confirmed, for the food had disappeared, and so I continued to leave Pip and Squeak their food for several days.

One night it was extremely dark, and as I carefully picked my way past bicycles and a great deal of junk and rubbish (you know what accumulates in a garage), I heard a series of short sharp squeaks and scuffles. Hurriedly I grabbed my torch and shone it on the cage. Imagine my surprise, when not only did I perceive my two remaining mice, but half a dozen wild ones scurrying to make their escape! Unthinkingly I plunged in my hand, and was amazed to find that I had caught one, which was trying its utmost to get away, without a thought for my fingers. I took it in the house, which was very thoughtless of me, for mother raised such a commotion that I dropped it. The frightened mouse, seeking a place of refuge, dashed behind the sideboard, but was immediately pounced upon by Monty our cat, much to mother's relief.

After this episode mother made me turn out the garage, where I unearthed a family of wild mice, which, I discovered, I had unwittingly been feeding.

Nothing has ever been seen of Pip or Squeak. Perhaps they left with the "Squatters."

Who knows?

MAVIS BENNETT (IVA).

AN IDEAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON

On November 26th members of the fourth form Geography groups spent a most enjoyable afternoon at Cadbury's factory. We were accompanied by two members of Staff, Mr. Petherbridge and Miss Jolley.

The coach left school at one o'clock and arrived at Cadbury's an hour later. I was very impressed with the attractive appearance of the factory and the layout of the gardens, which were models of neatness. On entering the huge building we were shown into the concert hall, where we awaited our guides. After waiting a matter of minutes, we were divided up into small parties and the "lesson" began. First we saw how the actual cocoa beans grew on the trees, and I personally was very surprised to see that the pods grew on the trunk of the tree as well as on the branches. We were shown how the butter was extracted from the beans, and the beans ground. We then passed on through many rooms, some very noisy with the machinery, and others quiet enough for the workers to listen to the wireless.

The making of the card-board boxes for the chocolates was very clever. It was a very complicated machine attended by several men. If there was any mistake in the box, a red light would flash and the machine would stop and not continue until this box was taken out.

We also saw the centres of the chocolates being covered and marked with different patterns. There were four women sitting each side of a wide moving belt on which the chocolates were laid. The women's job was to put on the different markings with small instruments. Here we were offered samples as in other departments, but these were the most popular. We then passed through the printing and cocoa rooms, which were also very interesting.

Next we came to the biscuit department. It was extremely hot there because of the ovens. There was also a very sickly smell as we passed by a churn containing several hundredweights of orange cream filling.

Our visit by this time was coming to a close, but before leaving we were shown again into the concert hall to see a film on how the beans are grown on the Gold Coast and sent to Cadbury's, also to enjoy a well-earned rest after our "three-mile" walk round the factory.

Lastly we were very surprised to hear we were to have tea, which pleased us greatly. After we had thanked our guide and members of the staff for an enjoyable afternoon we were soon on our way back to Alcester, feeling that another chocolate would make us ill.

KAY FIELDING (IVB).

SEASONABLE OCCUPATION

Everything in the area is draped with a thick, white veil except for one article—the last to undergo the process. This, indeed, is also covered with white, but it is an oily substance, under the influence of which it is rapidly becoming shiny. The boundaries of the place are damp with a liquid of the consistency and colour of cream, spread on liberally by a collection of hairs in a wooden holder. The edges of a transparent par-

tition in the boundary have had an application of a very sticky, smooth and glossy mixture.

The ground on which stand the bridal (or is it orientally-draped?) objects is bare, since its Persian covering has been rolled away. A circular metallic container lies in the empty space, displaying brown greasy contents which are daubed on and rubbed into surroundings already severely tickled by a larger number of hairs protruding from a wooden case.

When this has taken place, the roll is extended to its full width and length and smoothed down over the brown space. The veils are ruthlessly pulled off the faces, freshly radiant, which they had obscured, and the owners of the faces moved back to their original stations.

The housewife breathes a sigh of relief, stands back and says, "Thank goodness, I've finished the Spring cleaning for another year!"

BARBARA DRULLER (VI).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring term opened on Tuesday, January 8th, and closes on Wednesday, April 9th.

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A party of Geography pupils from Forms IVA and B with Mr. Petherbridge and Miss Jolley visited Messrs. Cadbury's works at Bournville on Monday, November 26th.

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Mrs. Rodda left the Staff at the end of last term, and her place has been taken by Mrs. K. Baker.

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On Friday, November 23rd, a number of pupils were innoculated against diphtheria.

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An innovation last term was the printing of an official school Christmas card, which sold in large numbers in the School.

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"Devonshire Cream," by Eden Philpotts, was presented in the Youth Hut by the Dramatic Society on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the first week in December.

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Miss Webley has been absent from School through illness since the middle of November. During her absence Miss Hewitt has acted as senior mistress.

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Mrs. Petherbridge returned to the Staff for the first eleven weeks of this term.

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A Carol Service was held at the Alcester Parish Church on Friday, December 14th.

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The Dramatic Society party took place on Monday, December 17th.

Colours have been presented to the following:—(Football) Buckley, Fogg, Wesson, Malin, Goodman; (Hockey), Margaret Woodfield, Pat Tipping, Betty Phillips, Sheila George; (Netball), Kathleen Norton, Margaret Salmons, Susan Salmons.

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The picture for tidiness was awarded last term to IIB.

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During the Autumn term the help of the school was enlisted in the collection of local data required by the Urban Spheres of Influence Survey, which is being carried out by the Geographical Association. The school helped in a similar way in the Land Utilisation Survey of the thirties. Detailed questionnaires were completed for some thirty towns, villages and hamlets in our area. The information is now being analysed and soon the results will be mapped on a scale of half an inch to one mile. The purpose of the survey is to make it possible to determine the nature and range of the functions of individual towns and villages and the extent to which life in the countryside depends on their resources.

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Half term was Friday and Monday, February 22nd and 25th.

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The old dining room, until recently the domestic science room, has lost its range, gas stove and sink, and now becomes an ordinary classroom, though for this term the domestic science classes are still held there.

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The Art Room has, this term, been the classroom of Form IIIa.

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On Friday, February 8th, Forms VI and V went to the Town Hall for the Proclamation ceremony of the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

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On Friday, February 15th, a two minutes' silence was observed throughout the School as a tribute to the memory of King George VI.

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A party of French pupils, with Mr. McAlister, Miss Morris and Mrs. Petherbridge, visited Birmingham on Wednesday, February 13th, to attend a performance of "Tartuffe" by the French Circle of Birmingham University.

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New prefects this term are Mortimore and Peace.

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School examinations were held from February 28th to March 7th.

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Speech Day is arranged for Thursday, March 27th.

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Some unwelcome visitors broke into the main buildings on the night of Sunday, February 3rd, but nothing of value was taken.

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During the early weeks of the term the hedges and shrubbery in front of the school received the attention of the County groundsmen. The trees round the boys' field were pruned to prevent interference with the games.

At the same time the girls' hockey pitch was removed some distance from the main road to make room for the new domestic science and woodwork rooms which are at the present time being erected by the builders.

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A reminder that before long the new games field will be brought into use was given by the placing of a gate in the far corner of the girls' field.

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Those who remember Mr. E. R. Cook, who was our games master during the nineteen thirties, will be interested to learn that Arthur Milton, who played football for England against Austria, was from 1942-46 a member of the first eleven of Cotham Grammar School, Bristol, where Mr. Cook has been for many years in charge of football.

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Owing to the rush at the end of last term, a number of errors crept into the December "RECORD." We regret these and wish to take this opportunity of correcting them. On page 3 in "Valet" add an asterisk to Shelton, B. J., and read E. M. C. Lewis (IIIA), J. Kerry (IIIB), P. M. Rook (IIIB). In the tennis match report read 5 sets to 11. On page 4 in "Births" read "son" instead of "daughter" born to Mr. and Mrs. R. Collett. On page 10 add "Miss Young and Mr. Lord" to Staff tennis team. On page 27 read "Fifth" for "Upper Fifth."

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Members of Forms VI, V and IV have been taking dancing lessons from Mr. F. Clark this term under the sponsorship of Miss Young.

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Fogg has been appointed captain of the Brownies.

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P. Aspinwall and J. Kempster, who took Oxford General Certificate French at Ordinary level in December, have both passed.

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On March 8th members of the girls' hockey teams went to Wembley to see the international women's hockey match between England and Scotland.

THE DIRTY ERRAND BOY

The silence of the morning was shattered by an awful sound only too well-known to the people who lived in Park Lane. They groaned as they slammed down their windows hurriedly to try and shut out the sound, and said, "It's that awful Sammy Biggs!"

A moment later Sammy Biggs came into view. His appearance was anything but neat and tidy. He wore a battered cap and a suit which was adorned with spots of mud, for he had been fishing and had slipped on the muddy bank while trying to retrieve his float, which had become detached from his line. His socks were hanging over his boots, because he had used his garters for a catapult. He rode a rusty old bicycle which sounded as if it were falling to pieces. His hands were thrust into his

coat pockets and, worst of all, he was whistling shrilly and untunefully; in fact, no one could describe his whistle—it had to be heard!

His first call was to take old Mrs. Smith her groceries. Mrs. Smith was the one person in Park Lane who liked Sammy. This was accounted for by the fact that she was deaf, so Sammy's whistling did not worry her. He skidded to a stop a few yards past her gate and walked up the path to Mrs. Smith's door, still whistling. She smiled at Sammy as she paid him and thought what a nice, quiet boy he was. Of course, he was rather untidy, she thought, but realised that all boys were like that.

Sammy mounted his bicycle again and went on to Mrs. Johnson's. He tapped fairly loudly on the door because Mrs. Johnson had told him only the week before that he did not knock loudly enough. When she came to the door, she rebuked Sammy for almost knocking the door down, and said that she had a splitting headache from his whistling.

Not in any way worried by this, he mounted his bicycle and rode to Mrs. Rogers'. On hearing a whistle Mrs. Rogers went into the kitchen, thinking that the kettle was boiling for her cup of tea. She was very surprised to see that it was not, and was just examining the kettle to see what was wrong with it, when Sammy knocked at the door. Still mystified, she was wondering if she ought to see her doctor about her head noises. On opening the door she was so relieved to find that she had no head noises that she gave Sammy an extra sixpence. Sammy thanked her and, having mounted his bicycle, he rode homewards.

All was quiet once more.

PAT WILLIAMS (VA).

ORGANISING A PARTY

In December, 1950, I attended the first of the Alcester Grammar School Dramatic Society Annual Parties. This party was a great success, and because I had helped with an occasional game, I fondly thought that I, with a few others who had made equal contributions, was responsible for this success. This belief, however, was entirely unfounded, as I was to discover at a later date.

All went well with me, and life passed uneventfully, until the election of Dramatic Society Officers last September, when much to my surprise I was elected Social Secretary. At first I could only think that I should have my name in the "RECORD," without doing anything towards it—such is the vanity attached to seeing one's name in print! This idea received a slight set-back, however, when rehearsals for the play started, as I had to order tea for those who were staying behind after School. This did not worry me unduly, as there was not much effort involved in asking Mrs. Rutter for "so many teas, on such and such a night, please."

Then it happened. The end of the Autumn Term drew near. I was looking forward to my three weeks' holiday, when some bright female remembered that the Dramatic Society party should be an annual event. Permission was duly received for it to be held on December 17th, and the party was to be organised by members of the Committee. One drawback was immediately evident. Feast, Savage and Blake were all involved in

the play, and could only offer encouragement and moral support. What was I to do? Help had to be found!

Then out of the blue came Drusilla Mortimore—bless her. Soon everything was under control, tickets printed, and plans arranged. Colleen Wigington declared the organising was as much fun as the party itself, but I am not so sure. True, we were amused about shutting ourselves in the drying room—for lack of other space on a Friday—to draw up the programme. True, we set off with a great rush of enthusiasm, racking our brains for suitable games, and then decided to have last year's. But none of this was the difficult part. I know. I had to collect the money.

How innocently I set about collecting those half-crowns. All I had to do was collect the money! I was soon disillusioned about the ease of this task. Never have I met such a mean, tight-fisted set of party-goers. Apart from one or two benevolent souls, the others were either the "bringing-it-tomorrow" variety or "Oh-I'm-so-sorry-I've-forgotten-it" brand, and there was even one person who had yet to pay in January, 1952!

Finally the money was handed over to Mrs. Rutter, and at last the great day arrived. It was now I discovered that our troubles were not over—they had only just begun. The afternoon was one mad rush of sweeping, polishing and decorating in the Hall, while others helped to organise the tea itself, and found the cakes and crackers a great temptation. In fact, it so took their minds off what they were doing that they forgot to set places on both sides of the tables, and allowed about 6 inches of seating per person.

I don't remember much about the party myself, but Drusilla worked wonders with the programme, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Mrs. Rutter had a huge Christmas cake made for us, which just disappeared like magic at supper-time, while the crackers she provided at tea certainly added to the fun. It's true I have been told there was "never a dull moment," and there were many willing helpers on the day, but I certainly discovered that parties do not organise themselves—and Treasurers do their own job next time, play or no play!

M. E. FOGG (VI).

HOLIDAYS ALL THE YEAR ROUND

This title sounds too good to be true! But it is possible to keep the "Holiday Spirit" all the year round. At any rate, we at home have discovered one way of doing it—and a practical one too!

As soon as we returned from our usual Summer holiday by the sea, last September, we started to talk about what we would like to do the next year, and decided that the best way to make sure of another good holiday was to start saving for it at once.

So we got three little boxes, and labelled them as follows:—"Beach Hut," "Spending Money and Trips," and "Travel." And every Saturday there comes the exciting little ritual of getting out the boxes, putting in to our favourite boxes what we can afford, and then counting up to see how much we have got.

We also talk now about the seaside town to which we are going, the beach hut which we have booked, and the places we hope to visit with the money we are saving.

Every week is a "Holiday Week," because we think "Holidays," and it is so much more fun when we can all share the saving and keep the Holiday Spirit all the year round.

How much have we saved? Ah, that is a secret, only known to our little "quartet," but the amount would surprise many people, and we've discovered that we have exactly another twenty-five weeks before we commence our holiday—and after this, we shall start all over again, of course!

PAMELA HUSBAND (IIIA).

A CROWDED BEACH

It was such a lovely summer's day. The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was a clear blue. The sea, which swept up the golden-coloured sands, looked warm and calm and seemed to be beckoning to young and old alike to "come and have a paddle."

As I gazed at the beach, I saw some holiday-makers sitting in deck-chairs, while others lazed about "trying to get brown" in the warm sun. How many different colours there seemed to be on the beach—reds, greens, blues and yellows. Quite near to me were a typical holiday-making family. Pa and Ma were reclining in two gaily-coloured deck-chairs, while their exuberant children were having a grand time making sand castles. Ma, dressed in her gay summer frock, with a hat "straight from Paris" and her white open-toed sandals, made quite a contrast to Pa, who wore simple grey flannels and a white open-necked cricket shirt. The two youngsters had on their bathing costumes, one of which was red, the other a bright yellow, the colours seeming to match their high spirits. Some people had sun-glasses on, while others had conveniently covered their faces with copies of the daily paper. Then I saw a crowd of young people enjoying a game of beach-ball, while a small boy was endeavouring to get his rather ageing father to "come and have a game of cricket." One could not pick out any individual people now, for they were all lost in a blur of movement, and, as I gazed again at the sea, how calm and peaceful it seemed, but already the young people were dragging their Mas and Pas, Aunts and Uncles, to "come and have some fun while the weather's nice."

ANN O'DELL (IIIB).

A COUNTRYMAN

He was a short man with a slight stoop. His age could be anything from sixty to eighty. He wore a big jacket with his breeches pushed into his wellington tops, and he was usually seen carrying a gun in the crook of his arm, walking over the fields with his two dogs.

In the small thatched cottage where he lived, with only his dogs for company, he could be found of an evening in front of the old open

fireplace, with his dogs settled comfortably, one on his lap, and the other endeavouring to climb on his shoulders.

There, with the fire-light dancing on the beams, from which hung his guns, clay pipes, and a very prominent badger's skull, he would tell us stories of his boyhood and the fields.

D. SHEPPARD (IIB).

THE SECRET OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

What urged me to examine the old clock in the first place is a mystery to me and always will be! It had stood in the little unused room at the back for countless years and was all covered with dust and cobwebs. I believed it had been put there for its failure to work, so I thought no one would worry if I took a few small parts out of it to make my motor boat. I began ruthlessly to dismantle it.

As I examined the part behind the face of the clock, I found wedged in among the mechanism a small nest-like object, made of straw and other rubbish. At last I had found out the reason for the clock stopping. I ran downstairs, and told father to come up. He soon poked it out, and now (after father bought a "few" spare parts) it works well and ticks away in the corner of the living room.

N. PINFIELD (IIA).

OLLA PODRIDA

An excited Fifth former, playing netball, was heard to exclaim indignantly: "O come on. They've had six shoots!"

* * * *

P.E. informs us that we are all to conjugate on the playground.

* * * *

B.H. tells us that Robert Louis Stevenson started on his way only to be stopped by two pheasants.

* * * *

P.D. has discovered that Columbus was a pirate who attacked Spain.

* * * *

Describing a church parade, P.H. writes, "We stood on the boarder of the isle."

OUR DAILY NEWSPAPER

The average man or woman does not realise the tremendous amount of work that goes into the publishing of a daily newspaper. Most people get their papers delivered to them through the letter-box, about eight in the morning, ready to be looked at, while eating breakfast. They take it for granted that they will have it each morning.

The newspaper industry employs a great number of staff. There is an editor with many sub-editors, reporters, photographers and printers under him. An editor hears of an event and immediately sends out some of his reporters and photographers to get information to print before another newspaper gets hold of the news.

Reporters have many strange adventures while looking for news. I know a reporter who went to report at a seance in a great, old, eerie hall. It was very cold, and they had been waiting for a long time in complete silence, when suddenly an electric light bulb crashed from the roof into hundreds of pieces. Every day the newspaper consists of bits of news similar to this.

There are different sorts of papers, of course, to suit everyone. There are political business papers like the "Times," and papers which contain mostly pictures, and some which print all the scandal which goes on in the world.

The aim of each paper is to sell as many as possible by advertising and boosting up the paper and to increase the circulation so that they can print even more. Newspapers are sold almost everywhere—there are disabled men at street corners, on sea fronts, and at football matches, and, of course, the thousands of papers which are sold at newsagents every day. I should think most papers are sold on a Saturday night, when all the sports editions are sold. There are men and women standing in the streets shouting "Sports Finals"—"all the latest results" and "Pink-'Uns," "Green-'Uns" and so on.

Of course newspapers are not only used for enjoyable reading, but are used to wrap up fish and meat. Customers often see news that they might have missed or jokes they haven't seen before.

A daily newspaper is almost the cheapest purchase we make, costing only a copper or two, and yet one which we should miss more than anything else, as it caters for all members of the family—business items for father, household hints for mother, fashions for the teenager, and sport for the boys, not forgetting comic strips for the younger children.

JANET WINSPEAR (Vb).

NOTES FROM THE FORMS

The Sixth

On the morning of Wednesday, February 6th, the first news of the tragic death of our King was heard over the wireless by the French Sixth, who were waiting for their lesson. The sad tidings were soon told to the rest of the Sixth. The one o'clock news was heard in complete silence by members of the Staff and the Prefects. On the Friday of the funeral black ties were worn by all prefects as a last mark of respect to our heroic King. The silence was observed by the whole school, who, in the person of the King, had lost one of their dearest friends.

The Sixth Form party was held on Friday, December 28th, in the canteen. Many members of past Sixth Forms were welcomed, and all enjoyed the excellent programme compiled by the Head Boy and Head Girl. We should like to thank everybody who made this enjoyable occasion possible, to Mr. Davison for letting us use the canteen and to everybody who helped in even the smallest way with the refreshments.

At the beginning of this term we bade a very reluctant farewell to Finnemore, who has been greatly missed by the whole of the Form.

When we returned from the holidays, we were deeply grieved to find that one of our tables had been deported into the domestic science room. We all wish it the best of luck in its new surroundings, and hope that it will not get too battle-scarred.

Two of the most energetic members of our form, Erasmus and Belinda, have been having rather a hectic time this term. Erasmus has spent most of his time hiding behind books or lounging about on the top of the cupboards, evading the eyes of his dearest friend, who always seems to be losing contact with him. These friends are so near to one another that Erasmus spends half his time hanging round the other's neck. Belinda has proved to be one of the most notorious turncoats in the history of the Sixth. For a short while on the morning of our great Girls v. Boys hockey match she supported the girls, then after a short skirmish she was taken prisoner. That afternoon she led the boys into battle and watched the ensuing conflict from the top of the boys' goal posts.

Artists and Mathematicians alike are protesting violently against the smelly Biologists who will persist in dissecting dog fish, worms, bull's-eyes and rabbits. Then much to the horror of the remainder of the form they march into the form room and even the flowers wither. Surely someone could throw a bucket of disinfectant over them.

Who was it who spent a peaceful, if rather anxious, half hour locked in the Biology store room? We wonder if the Klinostat benefited from its attention during this period? We feel sure that it must have!

Our budding radio-mechanic seems to be making a good start testing transformers, coils and the like for other aspiring mechanics. His shelf is beginning to look like an electrical shop. Can anyone supply him with a shop window to complete the picture?

On Friday, February 8th, we went to see and hear the Proclamation of the Queen's accession at Alcester Town Hall by the High Bailiff. The ceremony was short, but very moving.

God Save the Queen!

T. SAVAGE.

IVa

The form and games captains this term are the same as last term.

Sally Merris and Cooper were in the cast of the school play at the end of last term, while Keyte i was the prompter.

A few members of the form went to see a French play, "*La Tartuffe*," at Birmingham University at the beginning of the term.

Nothing else of interest has happened in the form, but when the examination results come through there will probably be some shocks.

The following have played in the girls' 1st Hockey team this term:— S. George, S. Salmons, S. Devey, M. Bennett, and S. Winspear.

K. Norton, S. George, S. Winspear, M. Salmons, S. Salmons and S. Merris have played in the 1st Netball team.

Aspinwall, Miller and Trout have played in the boys' 1st hockey team.

J. ASPINWALL.

IIIa

This term has, on the whole, been fairly uneventful, except perhaps for the loss of J.L.'s satchel. A diligent search of the school ensued, the missing article being discovered in IIb form room. We wonder how it managed to get there!

Our form captains remain the same this year—Lancaster (*captain*) and A. Swinglehurst (*vice-captain*). J. Rawbone and Allen retain their positions as girls' and boys' games captains respectively. Wilkes has been endowed with the title of "window manipulator," which no one envies him.

We congratulate IIIb girls on their victory in netball after a very close game, the score being 9—8. However, we have avenged ourselves by defeating them 4—0 in a very enjoyable game of hockey. This success brought to our form room a small trophy, presented to us in a charming and eloquent manner by a representative of IIIb girls.

Have you ever thought how dull school life would be without one, at least, of those inevitable persons who constantly prove a source of fun? IIIa is no exception. These elements of humour—let them be nameless—are seated at the back of the form room, but invariably find themselves promoted (or should it be relegated) to the front—on one occasion having to sit on the floor.

During a recent English lesson, M.R., whilst waiting for her cue to appear in a play, was seated on a desk; the cue came, M.R. stepped from her perch to the accompaniment of a heart-rending tear. All eyes were fixed on a little group surrounding the unfortunate pupil. She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder, and proceeded to back, blushing, in Chinese fashion, from the form room. She now has a new tunic!

We do not claim to be the most silent form in the school, but we do not consider ourselves unduly noisy, as was stated in a grave and inexcusable error in the last magazine.

VALERIE BASELEY, BERYL POPE and ANN SWINGLEHURST

IIIb

This term we have been moved from the Domestic Science room to the Art Room, and have a new form mistress, Miss Lavery.

The girls played the "A" form at hockey and netball, the scores being: hockey 4—0 to the "A's," and the netball 6—4 to "B's," both games being replays.

The boys have played two games of hockey this term and have lost both.

We are sorry to have lost our games captain, Gillian Maycock. The captain is now Pamela O'Nions and the vice-captain Catherine Brazier.

HILARY SMITH.

THE DOG FIGHT

It all began when the next-door neighbour's bull terrier, Tom, met another dog of the same breed. The stranger was a perfect picture beside Tom, who was liver and white in colour and badly in need of a bath and a good brushing.

When the two came together, they moved slowly round each other, as if sizing up each other's strength, and growling all the time.

After some minutes, Tom pricked up his left ear, which had had a piece torn out of it in an earlier battle, stepped back sharply, and flew at the stranger with his hair bristling and his pearl-like fangs flashing.

There was a howling and a growling, and now and then a yowk from a dog in pain. Floating about in the air were two or three tufts of fur, and on the road were a few splashes of blood. This skirmish went on for about five minutes and it was difficult to see which would be the victor. But in the end experience triumphed, and the dog which was, at one time, clean and well cared for, turned and trotted away, limping badly, and with his bleeding tail between his badly scratched legs. In the centre of the road, Tom stood triumphant once more, with his head high, though revealing a few nasty scratches and bald patches.

W. C. OSELAND (IIIA).

ENGLAND

England is an island
Surrounded by the sea,
And Romans, Gauls and Vikings
Have made its history.

The Romans came to England
A thousand years ago.
They made a road across the land
Which all Britons ought to know.

To England came the Vikings
Invading all the farms.
Plundering sheep and cattle,
For England had no arms.

JANET BULLOCK (IA).

THE CROSS COUNTRY

The cross country is here again,
The runners are lined up in the lane;
Waiting for the gun to fire,
Wondering who'll be first to tire.

Then the gun fires with a crack,
Off they set all in a pack,
Over the field, across the cutting;
Some poor soul has lost his footing.

Over the hill, along the ditch,
Many lagers have got the stitch;
Across the ploughed field, past the farm.
For them the race has lost its charm.

Down the drive at last they race,
The leaders quickening their pace,
Soon they'll reach the "winning post."
Who'll come first amongst that host?

Then the leader crosses the line,
As straight and erect as any pine,
To win the race so hard and long
And then to join the cheering throng.

P. A. DAVIS (IVA).

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Her name is Rosemary. She is tall and dark-haired, with pale face and wistful eyes. Her lips are curved in a slow, dreamy smile, and she gives one the impression that she lives in the past. Her dress is grey and in her black hair she wears a spray of rosemary.

She walks with everyone who remembers past happiness, and with her smile she cheers them, making their memories happy ones rather than haunted by tears and grey shadows. Her name symbolises all that is past, whether happy or sad, and she has earned it well. She is known as the "Grey Lady of Sorrow," but who knows? She may have memories about which she smiles!

CAROLYN WOODWARD (IIIa).

A VILLAGE AT NIGHT

As I look through the window at night, I see that the lights are low, and little smoke comes out of the chimneys.

The stars twinkle above, and the moon has hidden her face behind the clouds.

One by one the lights go out, and the flicker of the fire on the curtains dies to a faint glow. Now, every light is off and I am left to gaze at darkness.

A dog barks in its kennel, a cat howls in someone's garden.

A baby's cry breaks the silence, a light goes on at Mrs. Smith's house, until the baby is quiet again. The wind blows, and I grow cold as I stand by the window, so I jump into bed, to sleep till mother calls me in the morning.

ALMA TAYLOR (Ib).

AT THE BARBER'S

"John, here is a shilling, don't forget to have your hair cut today." These dreaded words reached me when I was almost at the top of our damson tree. Of all the places I dislike most, the hairdresser's seems the worst.

I reached the shop, and on opening the door was met by clouds of smoke, most of which was coming from one old pipe. On looking at the owner's face I can't think that it is either a shave or haircut he calls for, but just a look at the daily paper, as he always seems to be in the same chair.

"What about the Government now?" asks the barber.

"Wuss than ever," is the reply.

A sporty-looking man opposite me asks, "What do you think of Bright Eyes' chances at Wincanton tomorrow, gentlemen? I see she is still ten to one."

One gent rises from the barber's chair, thanks him, and walks out. On looking round the barber calls, "Come on, sonny; yours won't take long."

How grand to be outside again with the ordeal over! Even the shadow of the Old Town Hall seems welcome after the smoke and conversation that has been floating over my now tidy head. Thank goodness it will be some time before I again hear, "John, don't forget to have your hair cut."

What a waste of good shillings!

J. SMART (IIb).

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

We have been very pleased to enrol 17 new members this term, bringing our total membership to 78. This was largely the result of the visit paid to us by Miss Phillips, the Organising Secretary for this area, on 18th January, when she gave an interesting talk and film show to the girls and boys of the first year. We are grateful to those who have responded so willingly and have taken the place of the members who have left. Some Old Scholars still remain as members of our branch and are our most enthusiastic collectors. Perhaps more will follow their example in the future, unless they are keen enough to start a branch in their own town or village.

Our box-opening had already taken place in December and yielded a sum of £24 3s. This sum, together with £4 18s. raised as a result of the "Christmas Tree" collections, was our best effort yet, and was very gratefully received by headquarters, who are facing ever-rising costs.

Awards have been made to members as follows:—Founder's Service Award (for 6 years' service): Jill Kempster, Pat Aspinwall, Fabia Deer (O.S.), Norma Wilkinson (O.S.); Short Service Badge (for 3 years' service): Maureen Bryan, Joy Busby, Jill Bunting, Judith Davis, Wendy Lovell, Maureen Peach, Betty Phillips, Barbara Stanford, Wendy Grummett.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY, 1952

President—Feast.

Social Secretary—Fogg.

Treasurer—Blake

Secretary—Savage.

At the beginning of this term we suffered the unfortunate setback of losing our staff supervisor, Miss Young, who has gone temporarily to look after the "leatherwork" in the absence of Miss Webley. Her place this term has been ably filled by Mr. Davison, who agreed to look after us while Miss Young was away. We should all like to thank him for his help, and for the sporting way he has joined in the games when called upon; we really do appreciate it.

Each week four different members have been responsible for arranging and looking after the games for that week. Thus a very varied programme has been enjoyed by all.

A beetle drive went off with great fervour. The tension mounted as the final round drew to a close, and amid great excitement the scores were added up and the winner announced. It has not been possible to hold any play readings this term, as the old stock of books has been used up. We hope to have some new books before the end of term so that we can start readings again.

T. SAVAGE.

MUSIC SOCIETY

This term we have done quite a lot of singing, and Mr. Holtom thinks that we have reached the standard for doing singing in public.

JOY BUSBY.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Président: M. Davison.
 Vice-Président: Mlle. P. Elmore. Secrétaire: Mlle. B. Druller.
 Trésorier: M. R. Warburton.

Ce trimestre nous avons eu une réunion chaque semaine. Parce que trois membres du cercle font de l'ouvrage à l'aiguille tous les quinze jours, il n'y a que cinq qui jouent aux jeux nouveaux. Nous avons commencé une petite pièce que nous espérons produire à la fin du trimestre.

BARBARA DRULLER.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term we have been taking advantage of the good weather. Our members have been split up into three groups, each working on a project for an imaginary guide-book of Alcester. We are hoping for some good results. The junior members did some fairly successful tinting, while the senior members re-organised the electrical fittings in the darkroom.

T. E. DAVIES (Hon. Chairman).

THE AERO-MODELLING SOCIETY

The members of the club have maintained steady progress this term. A kit was presented at the beginning of term to Seeney and Oseland, who had constructed the best model. The competition has been renewed, and another kit is to be given away for the best model made this term.

Several members have been running in miniature diesel engines, which they have brought along to the club.

M. FINNEMORE.

THE SCOUTS

This term the Scouts have made good progress in tenderfoot and second class tests. A flag has been awarded to the Panther Patrol because they won the inter-patrol contest, and as a result are now the Buffalo Patrol. The Commissioner has paid us several visits and helped supervise the tests. Every Scout now contributes a penny a week to help the Scout funds, and as a result of this we now have some money to buy equipment. Most of the Scouts now have full uniform.

A. THORNTON.

HOCKEY—Boys

Captain: Fogg. Secretary: Savage.
 Vice-Captain: Buckley

We started off the season with a very inexperienced XI, as all but five members of last year's team had left school. New fixtures have been arranged with Tettenhall College, Redditch Hockey Club, H.P. Sauce and Bournville.

Bad weather at the beginning of the term resulted in the cancellation of the first two matches. For the same reason it was only possible to hold one practice match before the game with Hanley Castle, which we lost by three clear goals. The game against Redditch "A" had to be cancelled owing to the death of his late Majesty King George VI. Bromsgrove School 2nd XI proved to be a stronger and more powerful side than was anticipated, and the school went down fighting, losing by six goals. A similar defeat was sustained against Evesham, who again proved to be a heavier side. The annual fixture with the Girls' 1st XI resulted in a four to one victory, which was mainly due to the boys' physical superiority.

The School has been represented by the following boys:—Buckley; Savage, Lane ii; Wesson, Blake, Malin; Peace, Goodman, Watton, Davies i, Lane i, Aspinwall, Trout, Miller and Fogg.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v Hanley Castle 1st XI (away) lost, 0—3.
- v Bromsgrove School 2nd XI (home) lost, 0—6.
- v Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI (home) lost, 0—6.
- v A.G.S. Girls 1st XI won, 4—1.
- v Redditch H.C. 2nd XI (away) lost, 1—3.

M.E.F.

HOCKEY—Girls

Captain: P. Aspinwall.

Secretary: B. Druller.

Vice-Captain: D. Palmer.

So far this term practices have not been held after school each Thursday. They have, however, been held regularly during the dinner-hour.

We have again had some matches cancelled. We were hoping to play Worcester G.S. this term, because we have not played them for the last two seasons, but again the fixture was cancelled. The other teams against whom our matches have been cancelled are Bromsgrove C.H.S., Stratford Y.C. and Studley College.

The match against the boys provided a very good game. The afternoon was perfect and the ground was in good condition.

This year we are again getting up a party to go to Wembley on March 8th to the International Women's Hockey Match between England and Scotland.

The first eleven has been represented by the following: B. Druller; S. George, B. Phillips; S. Winspear, P. Aspinwall, K. Richards; S. Devey, W. Lovell, D. Palmer, M. Woodfield, M. Bennett, and S. Salmons.

The second eleven has been: P. Elmore; A. Lidgely, M. Bunting; S. Merris, S. Taylor, C. Brazier; R. Highman, A. Edwards, P. O'Nions, S. Salmons, M. Salmons.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v Stratford N.F.U. (home) won, 11—0.
- v Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away) won, 6—0.
- v A.G.S. Boys 1st XI (home) lost, 1—4.
- v Ragley Ladies (home) lost, 1—3.
- A.G.S. 2nd XI v Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away) won, 5—2.

P.M.E.A.

NETBALL*Captain:* K. Norton.*Vice-Captain:* D. Mortimore.

Unfortunately we were unable to obtain any netball fixtures during the first half of this term, because of the numerous hockey fixtures. However, we have fixtures for later in the term, and we hope to have satisfactory results.

Recently we lost three of our promising players and have had the task of replacing them.

Both teams have practised during the dinner hour on Tuesdays and after school on a Thursday.

RESULT

A.G.S. 1st VII v Studley College (home) won, 21—12.

K.M.N.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS**FOOTBALL**

A.G.S. 1st XI v St. Philip's G.S. (home) won, 3—0.

v Birmingham Univ. Geographical Dept. (home) won, 3—1.

v Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home) won, 2—1.

v Chipping Campden G.S. (home) won, 6—1.

SIDES MATCHES: Tomtits 4, Brownies 3; Jackals 2, Brownies 1; Jackals 3, Tomtits 3.

SIDES MATCHES (JUNIOR): Jackals 2, Brownies 1; Tomtits 8, Jackals 0; Tomtits 4, Brownies 1.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Goals Agst.
A.G.S. 1st XI ...	12	6	1	5	30	28
A.G.S. 2nd XI ...	1	0	0	1	2	5

HOCKEY (GIRLS)

A.G.S. 1st XI v Chipping Norton G.S. (away) lost, 1—2.

v Studley College (home) won, 3—1.

v Ragley Ladies (away) won, 2—0.

v Chipping Campden G.S. (home) drawn, 3—3.

A.G.S. 2nd XI v Chipping Norton G.S. 2nd XI (away) drawn, 2—2.

SIDES MATCHES: Tomtits 2, Brownies 1; Jackals 2, Brownies 0; Jackals 9, Tomtits 0.

SIDES MATCHES (JUNIOR): Brownies 4, Tomtits 0; Tomtits 2, Jackals 0; Jackals 0, Brownies 0.

NETBALL

A.G.S. 1st VII v Chipping Campden G.S. (home) won, 23—8.

SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 14, Brownies 9; Brownies 21, Tomtits 4; Jackals 16, Tomtits 11.

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